LICENSED,

April 21.
1671.

Roger L'Eſtrange.

LICENSED,

April 21. 1671. *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

Weſtminſter-Drollery.

Or, A Choice
COLLECTION
Of the Neweſt
SONGS & POEMS
BOTH AT
Court and Theaters.

BY
A Perſon of Quality.

With Additions.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Brome* at the *Gun* in St. *Paul's*
Church-Yard, near the Weſt End.
MDCLXXI.

1878, Sept. 2.
Minot fund.
(Pt. 1. 2.)

WESTMINSTER-DROLLERY.

The firſt Song in the Ball at Court.

1.

I Paſs all my Hours in a ſhady old Grove,
And I live not the day that I ſee not my Love:
I ſurvey every Walk now my *Phillis* is gone,
And ſigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no ſuch Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

2.

But each ſhade and each conſcious Bow'r that I find,
Where I once have been happy, & ſhe has been kind,
And I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the Green,
And imagine the pleaſure may yet come agen,
O then 'tis, O then I think no joy's above
The pleaſures, the pleaſures of love.

3.

While alone to my ſelf I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another mans armes:
She may laugh at my cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me.
O then 'tis, O then I think there's no ſuch Hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

4.
But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent paſſion, ſo kind, without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me.
O then 'tis, O then I think no joys above
The pleaſures, the pleaſures of Love.

The ſecond Song in the Maſque at Court.

1. A Lover I am, and a Lover I'le be,
And hope from my true Love I ſhall never be free.
Let wiſdom be blam'd in the grave woman-hater,
Yet never to love, is a ſin of ill nature:
But he who loves well, and whoſe paſſion is ſtrong,
Shall never be wretched, but ever be young.

2. With hopes & with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion.
When our paſſion is pallid, and our fancy wou'd fail,
A little kind quarrel ſupplies a freſh gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealouſi's gone,
How we kiſs, and embrace, and can never have done.

A Song at the King's Houſe.

1. HOw hard is a heart to be cur'd
That is once overwhelm'd with deſpair,
'Tis a pain by force is endur'd,
Deſpiſes our pity, and ſcoffs at our fear:
But if nothing but Death ſhall untie
Thoſe fetters wherewith you enſlave me,
For your ſake I am ready to try
If you are unwilling to leave me,
Then I am not unwilling to die.

2. How much were it better complying
With the tears, the ſighs, and the groans
Of a poor diſtreſt Lover dying;
And liſt to the cties of his pitiful moans:
When your Slave ſhall in triumph be led
To ſee the effects of good nature,
It ſhall for your honour be ſed,
'Tis true you have kill'd a poor Creature,
Yet have rais'd him again from the dead.

3. Though your heart be as cold as the ice is,
At one time or other you'l find,
That Love has a thouſand devices
To baniſh could thoughts from your ſcrupulous mind.

Thy aid mighty *Jove* I implore,
That thou to the fair one diſcover,
The joys I have for her in ſtore,
Which ſhe to her paſſionate Lover
Will ſay, ſhee'l be cruel no more.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. CLoria, let my paſſion ever
Be to you as I deſign:
Flames ſo noble, that you never
Saw the like till you knew mine.

2. Not a breath of feigned paſſion
From my lips ſhall reach your ears;
Nor this love that's now in faſhion,
Made of modeſt ſighs and tears.

3. In my breaſt a room ſo fitting
For your heart I will prepare,
That you'l never think of quitting,
Were you once but harbou'd there.

4. The Rent's not great that I require
From your heart, mine to repay:
Fortitude's all I deſire
To keep your Lodging from decay.

5. Faireſt Saint, then be not cruel,
Not to love me count it ſin;
Since a ſmile from you is fewel,
For to keep this fire in.

6. When I am forc'd by death or age,
From your flames for to retire,
All true Lovers I'll engage
Still my paſſion to admire.

The laſt Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. A Wife I do hate,
For either ſhe's falſe, or ſhe's jealous;
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask or tell us:
She ſtands on no terms,
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture;
Her love's for your Farms,
But takes the kind man at a venture.

2. If all prove not right,
Without Act, Proceſs, or Warning,
From a Wife for a night
You may be divorc'd in the morning.
Where Parents are ſlaves
Their Brats canot be any other;

Great Wits and great Braves
Have alwayes a Punk to their Mother.

A Song.

1. WEr't thou but half ſo wiſe as thou art fair,
Thou would'ſt not need ſuch courting,
'Twill prove a loſs you'll ne'er repair,
Should you ſtill defer your ſporting.
This peeviſh *ſhall-I, ſhall-I,* you'll repent,
When your ſpring is over,
Beauties after—math— no kind friends hath
To gratifie a Lover.

2. Perhaps you may think 'tis a ſin to deal,
Till *Hymen* doth authorize you:
Though the Gods themſelves ſweet pleaſure ſteal,
That to coyneſs thus adviſe you.
Pox upon the Link-boy and his Taper,
I'll kiſs, although not have you,
'Twas an Eunuch wrote all the Text that you quote,
And the Ethicks that inſlave you.

3. I am ſure you have heard of that ſprightly Dame
That with *Mars* ſo often traded,
Had the God but thought ſhe had been to blame,
She had ſurely been degraded.

Nor is blind *Cupid* leſs eſteemed
For the ſly tricks of his Mother,
For men do adore that Son of a Whore,
As much as any other.

4. 'Tis plain Antiquity doth lie,
Which made *Lucretia* ſqueamiſh;
For that which you call Chaſtity,
Upon her left a blemiſh:
For when her Paramour grew weak,
Her paſſion waxed ſtronger,
For the Lecherous Drab her ſelf did ſtab
'Cauſe *Tarquin* ſtaid no longer.

5. Then away with this Bugbear Vice,
You are loſt if that you fly me,
In *Elizium* (if you here are nice)
You never ſhall come nigh me:
Hell for Veſtals is a Cloyſter
I don't run doting thither,
For the pleaſant ſhades are for her that trades;
Let's truck and go together.

A late Song by a Perſon of Quality.

1. ALas, what ſhall I do? I have taken on me now
To make a Song, I vow; O wo is me:
I am commanded to't, I dare not ſtand it out,

Though I am put to th' rout, it muſt be: (foot
Thou ſhalt do't, then ſtand to't, I'll ſet my Muſe on
With a good chirping Cup, (of wine,
There may ſome hidden Mine, ſpring from the juice
Then take't and drink it up.

2. Pox on't, it will not do, I muſt have t'other too,
I claim it as my due, and muſt love't ; (hie
For where the Land is dry, the good Husband he doth
To bring the water nigh to improve't.
Here's the uſe of the Juice, open me then the ſluice,
And deny my wit in grain ;
That Skull's ne'er empty that takes it in plenty,
It's the only ſpring of the brain.

3. Madam now you may ſee what obedience is in me,
I have done what may be to obey, (to boot
I have ſet my Muſe on foot, with the ſprightly grap
Your Commands made me do't, they muſt ſway
If my pate ſoon or late, ſhall bring forth ſome con
To you my wit I owe. (ceit
If I do fall fl~~at, its becauſe, mark you that,~~
I am a Cup to low.
If I ſpeak ſenſe enough, or did ſpake but ſtuff,
All is alike to me ;
I'll never pauſe upon't you were the cauſe on't,
And that's my Apologie.

Silvi

Silvia. *Made by a Perſon of Honour.*
But the Anſwer and Reply lately added.

SIlvia, tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my deſire:
Is there no end of your crueltie,
But muſt I conſume in this fire?
You'll not tell me you love me, nor yet that you hate,
But take pleaſure in ſeeing me languiſh.
Ah *Silvia* pity my deſperate ſtate,
For you are the cauſe of anguiſh:

Her ANSWER.

DAmon, I tell thee I never ſhall be
In a humour to grant thy deſire;
Nor can I be tax'd with crueltie,
Having one that I more do admire.
For 'tis him that I love, and thee that I hate,
Yet I find you fain would be doing;
No, *Damon*, you never ſhall be my Mate,
Then prethee, Friend, leave off thy wooing

His

His REPLY.

S*Ilvia* know, I never ſhall more
Be a Suitor to pride and diſdaining,
Nor can my reſpects be as heretofore,
Being now in the time of their waining:
For I prize not thy love, nor I fear not thy hate,
Then prethee take it for a warning,
Whenever you meet with another mate,
Faith *Silvia* leave off your ſcorning.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in my mind:
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find.
Unknown to my ſelf, I am juſt at her door,
And when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind.*
Than, *Phillis too fair and unkind.*

2. When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breſt,
And the love I would ſtifle is ſhown,
But aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.

Sometimes a ſweet dream does delude my ſad mind,
But alas when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone,
Then I ſigh to my ſelf all alone.

3. Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain,
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign,

4. Alas ; I diſcover too much of my love,
And ſhe too well knows her own power:
he makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* both falſe and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

The Coy Lady ſlighted at laſt.

POor *Celia* once was very fair,
A quick bewitching eye ſhe had,

Moſt neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her lovely cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,
And on her Breaſts ten thouſand Cupids lay.

2, Then many a doting Lover came,
From ſeventeen unto twenty one;
Each told her of his mighty flame,
But ſhe forſooth affected none;
This was not handſome, t'other was not fine;
This of Tobacco ſmelt, and that of Wine.

3. But t'other day it was my fate
To paſs along that way alone:
I ſaw no Coach before her Gate,
But at her door I heard her moan,
And dropt a tear, and ſighing ſeem'd to ſay,
Young Ladies marry, marry while you may.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. WOrld thou art ſo wicked grown,
That thy deceits I muſt diſown,
Since Knaves from honeſt men cannot be known,
So general is Diſtraction:

2. Men that are grave and ſhould be wiſe,
In their opinions are ſo preciſe,
That always they turn up the whites of their eyes,
When plotting ſome other faction.

Conventicles are grown ſo riſe,
Whoſe followers are ſo many,
There's ſo much gather'd for their relief,
Poor Cavaliers cannot get any.

Wit without money is ſuch a curſe,
No Mortal would be in its Clutches:
And he that hath one without t' other is worſe
Than a Cripple without his Crutches.

A Song by a Perſon of Quality.

HOld, hold, and no further advance,
For I'm caſt in a Trance,
f an inch more you give,
m not able to live,
hen draw back your Lance.

o now 'tis pretty well my Love,
Yet if you will,
ou may ſomewhat further ſhove,
But do not kill.

I die, I die, my breath's almoſt gone;
Pray let me ſleep, and I'll wake anon.

A Rhodomontade on his cruel Miſtreſs.

SEek not to know a woman; for ſhe's worſe
Than all Ingredients cram'd into a Curſe.
VVere ſhe but ugly, peeviſh, proud, a VVhore,
Perjur'd or painted, ſo ſhe were no more,
I could forgive her, and connive at this,
Alledging ſtill ſhe but a VVoman is:
But ſhe is worſe, and may in time foreſtal
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A SONG: A Dialogue between two Friends.

Tune, *How ſevere is forgetful old age.*

R.

HOw unhappy a Lover am I,
VVhilſt I ſigh for my *Phyllis* in vain,
All my hopes of delight are another mans right,
VVho is happy whilſt I am in pain.

W.

2. Since her honour affords no relief,
As to pity the pains which you bear,

It's the beſt of your Fate in a helpleſs ſtate,
To give over betimes to deſpair.

R.

3. I have tried the falſe Medicine in vain,
Yet I wiſht what I hope not to win,
From without my deſires has no food to its fires,
But it burns and conſumes me within.

W.

4. Yet at beſt it's a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone;
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your ſufferings her own.

R.

5. O you Powers let me ſuffer for both,
At the feet of my *Phyllis* I'll lie,
'll reſign up my breath, and take pleaſure in death,
To be pitied by her when I die.

W.

. What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death ſhe will give to her love:
uch a flame as is true after fate will renew,
For the ſouls do meet freely above.

A SONG *call'd The Injur'd Lady.*

. O You powerful Gods, if I muſt be
An injur'd Offering to Loves Deity,

Grant my Revenge, this Plague on men,
That Women ne'r may love agen.
Then I'll with joy ſubmit uuto my Fate,
Which by your Juſtice gives your Empire date.

2. Depoſe that great inſulting Tyrant Boy,
Who moſt is pleas'd when he does moſt deſtroy;
O let the world no longer govern'd be
By ſuch a blind and childiſh Deity.
For if you Gods are in your Power ſevere,
We ſhall adore you not for Love but Fear.

3. But if you'l his Divinity maintain,
('Tis men, falſe men, confirm his tott'ring reign)
And when their hearts Loves greateſt torment pro
Let that no pity, but our laughter move.
Thus ſcorn'd and loſt to all their wiſht for aim,
Let rage, deſpair, and death conſume their flame.

The Wooing Rogue.

The Tune is, *My Freedom is all my Joy.*

1. Come live with me, and be my **Whore**,
And we will beg from door to door,
Then under a hedge we'l ſit and louſe us,
Until the Beadle comes to rouſe us,

A

nd if they'l give us no relief,
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.
Thou ſhalt turn Whore and I'l turn Thief.

If thou canſt rob, then I can ſteal,
nd we'l eat Roaſt-meat every meal :
ay, we'l eat White-bread every day,
nd throw our mouldy Cruſts away,
nd twice a day we will be drunk,
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk:
And then at night I'l kiſs my Punk.

And when we both ſhall have the Pox,
e then ſhall want both Shirts and Smocks,
o ſhift each others mangy hide,
hat is with Itch ſo pockifi'd ;
e'l take ſome clean ones from a hedge,
And leave our old ones for a pledge.
And leave our old ones for a pledge.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

HOw ſevere is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor Lover ſo,
hat I almoſt deſpair to ſee even the air,
uch more my dear Damon, *hey ho.*

2: Though I whiſper my ſighs out alone,
  Yet I am trac'd where-ever I go,
That ſome treacherous Tree keeps this old man fr
  And there he counts every *hey ho.*

3. How ſhall I this *Argus* blind,
  And ſo put an end to my wo?
But whilſt I beguile all his frowns with a ſmile,
  I betray my ſelf with a *hey ho.*

4. My reſtraint then, alas, muſt endure;
  So that ſince my ſad doom I know,
I will pine for my Love like the Turtle-Dove,
  And breath out my life in *hey ho.*

A Song at the King's Houſe.

1. NEver perſwade me to't, I vow
  I live not: How canſt thou
Expect a life in me,
Since my Soul is fled to thee?
You ſuppoſe becauſe I walk,
Add you think talk,
I therefore breath, alas, you know
Shades as well as men do ſo.

2, You may argue I have heat,
My pulſes beat,
My ſighs have in them living fire.
Grant your Argument be truth,
Such heats my youth
nflame, as poyſons do only prepare
To make death their follower.

A Song.

FArewel, farewel fond love, under whoſe childiſh
I have ſerv'd out a weary Prenticeſhip. (whip
Farewel, thou that haſt made me thy ſcorn'd proper-
To dote on thoſe that lov'd not, (ty,
And to fly thoſe that woo'd me:
Go bane of my content, and practiſe on ſome other
(Patient.

2. My woful Monument ſhall be a Cell,
The murmur of the purling Brook my knell;
And for my Epitaph the Rocks ſhall groan
Eternally: if any ask this Stone,
What wretched thing doth in this compaſs lie,
The hollow Echo ſhall reply, Tis I, Tis I,
The hollow Echo ſhall reply, Tis I.
Farewel, farewel.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. HAve I not told thee, deareſt mine,
That I deſtroy'd ſhould be?
Unhappy, though the crime was thine,
And mine the miſery:
Thou art not kind, there's none ſo blind
As thoſe that will not ſee.

2. Have I not ſigh'd away my breath
In homage to thy beauty:
What have I got but certain death,
A poor reward for duty.
Well, when I'm gone you'l ne'r have one
That will prove half ſo true t' ye.

3. Have I not ſteep'd my ſoul in tears,
When thou didſt hardly mind it?
But rather added to my fears,
When love ſhould have declin'd it;
Which in this breaſt, I hope for reſt,
But now deſpair to find it.

4. O that I could but ſound thy heart,
And fathom but thy mind:
Then would I ſearch thy better part,
And force thee to be kind:

ut now I'm loſt, and here am croſt,
'Tis they that hide muſt find.

If pity then within thy heart
Doth own a reſidence,
ouchſafe to read my tragick part,
And plead my innocence :
hen when I'm dead, it may be ſaid;
'Twas love was my offence.

But ſince thy will is to deſtroy,
I dare not mercy crave,
ut kindly thank my fate, and joy
I liv'd to die thy Slave:
hen exerciſe thoſe killing eyes,
And frown me to my grave.

A Song.

LOve, fare thee well,
Since no love can dwell
n thee, that in hatred doſt all excel.

All Love is blind,
et none more unkind,
han thoſe that repay Love with a proud mind.

3. Love that's Divine,
Is not Love like to mine,
Since ſhe doth laugh when I do repine.

Then gentle Love for Loves own ſake,
Sigh loving Soul, and break heart, break.

A Song.

1. MAny declare what torments there are,
Yet none ever felt ſo much of deſpair:
No love can tell how high my griefs ſwell.
O curſed be the pride that reduc'd me to Hell.

2. My heart is on fire, whilſt I do admire
That you with diſdain requite my deſire:
All muſt ceaſe, that my flames may increaſe,
And curſed be the pride that murther'd my peace.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BRight *Celia*, know 'twas not thine eyes
Alone that firſt did me ſurprize;
The Gods uſe ſeldom to diſpenſe
To your Sex Beauty and Conſcience:

f then they have made me untrue,
The fault lies not in me, but you:
Sure 'tis no crime to break a Vow,
When we are firſt I know not how.

2. You preſs me an unuſual way,
To make my Song my Love betray:
Yet fear you'l turn it to a jeſt,
And uſe me as y'ave done the reſt
Of thoſe ſad Captives which complain,
Yet are enamour'd of their flame:
And though they die for love of you,
Dare neither love nor you purſue.

3. If love be ſin, why live you then
To make ſo many guilty men?
Since 'tis not in the power of Art
To make a Breſt-plate for the heart:
Since 'tis your eyes Loves Shafts convey
Into our ſouls a ſecret way;
Where if once fixt, no Herb nor Charm
Can cure us of our inward harm.

A Song.

1. ALL the flatteries of Fate,
And the glory of State,
Are nothing ſo ſweet as what Love doth create:
If Love you deny,
'Tis time I ſhould die;
Kind Death's a reprieve when you threaten to hat

2. In ſome ſhady Grove
Will I wander and rove,
With *Philomel* and the diſconſolate Dove:
With a down-hanging wing
Will I mournfully ſing
The Tragick events of Unfortunate Love.

3. With our plaints we'l conſpire
For to heighten Loves fire,
Still vanquiſhing life, till at laſt we expire:
But when we are dead,
In a cold leafy bed
Be interr'd with the Dirge of this deſolate Quire.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

LOve that is ſkrew'd a pitch too high,
May ſpeak, but with a ſqueeze will die:
he ſolid Lover knows not how
o play the Changeling with his Vow:
mall ſorrows may find vent, and break,
reat ones will rather burſt than ſpeak.
uch is my fortune when my *Flora* frowns,
ot only me, but ſhe the world will drown.

Thus am I drench'd in miſery,
et hope ſhe may be kind to me:
, but 'tis long firſt, could ſhe but reſtrain
hoſe kindneſſes which I'd be glad to gain,
he'l ſurely do't: if ſo, it ſhall be known
lov'd her for her own ſake, not my own.
hus will I live and die, and ſo will be
xemplary to all Poſterity.

A Song.

WHat care I though the vvorld reprove
My bold, my over-daring love:
gnoble minds themſelves exempt
rom int'reſt in a brave attempt.

2. The Eagle ſoaring to behold
The Sun aray'd in flames of gold,
Regards not though ſhe burns her wings,
Since that rich ſight ſuch pleaſure brings.

3. So feel I now my ſmiling thought
To ſuch a reſolution brought,
That it contemns all grief and ſmart,
Since I ſo high have plac'd my heart.

4. And if I die, ſome worthy Spirits
To future times ſhall ſing my merits,
That eaſily did my life deſpiſe,
Yet ne'r forſook my enterpriſe.

5. Then ſhine bright Sun, and let me ſee
The glory of thy Majeſty:
I wiſh to die, ſo I may have
Thy look, my death; thine eye, my grave.

A Song.

1. Burn and conſume, burn wretched heart,
Unhappy in extremes thou art:
If dying looks ſerve not thy turn,
To ſay thy Beauty makes me burn,

2. From thoughts inflam'd pale colours fume
Into my face, and it conſume:
O my poor heart, what charms thee ſo,
That thy afflicted face lets know,

3. Yet will not tell who murthers thee,
But yet will ſtill a Lover be:
Who hides my Phenix eyes, that ſhe
Whom I adore thus cannot ſee,

4. How I for her am made a prey
To ſorrow: and do pine away:
O fooliſh cuſtom and vile uſe,
My ſilence now deſerves no truce.

A Song at the Dukes Houſe.

O Fain would I before I die
Bequeath to thee a Legacy;
That thou maiſt ſay, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thee alone:
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as Lovers fears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and only ſhould be yours.
Deareſt, before you condeſcend
To entertain a boſom Friend,

Be ſure you know your ſervant well,
Before your liberty you ſell :
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis ſometimes hot, and ſometimes cold ;
And men you know that when they pleaſe,
They can be ſick of Loves diſeaſe.
Then wiſely chuſe a Friend that may
Laſt for an age, and not a day ;
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual ſympathy.
Let ſuch a Friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age,
And kiſs thy furrow'd wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.

A Song called, And to each pretty Laſs we will g
a green Gown.

1. THus all our life long we are frolick and g
And inſtead of Court-revels, we merrily p
At Trap, at Rules and at Barly-break run :
At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have don
Theſe innocent ſports, we'l laugh and lie down,
And to each pretty Laſs
We will give a green Gown.

2\.

2. We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry:
The Partridge, the Hare, the Pheaſant's our Quarry:
The nimble Squirrils with cudgels we'l chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark we betray with a Glaſs.
And when we have done, &c.

3. About the *May*-pole we dance all in a round,
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd:
Our little kind tribute we chearfully pay
To the gay Lord and the bright Lady o'th' *May*.
And when we have done, &c.

A Song.

1. ON the bank of a Brook as I ſate fiſhing,
Hid in the Oziers that grew on the ſide:
I over-heard a Nymph and Shepherd wiſhing,
No time nor fortune their Love might divide.
To Cupid *and* Venus *each offer'd a Vow,*
To love ever as they lov'd now.

2. O, ſaid the Shepherd, and ſigh'd, What a pleaſure
Is Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love muſt be ſecret, for like Fairy treaſure,
When 'tis diſcover'd 'twill quickly be gone.
For Envy and Jealouſie, if it will ſtay,
Would, alas, ſoon make it decay.

3. Then let us leave this world and care behind us,
Said the Nymph, ſmiling, and gave him her hand:
All alone, all alone, where none ſhall find us,
In ſome fair Deſart we'll ſeek a new Land,
And there live from Envy and Jealouſie free,
And a World to each other we'll be.

A Song.

1. CEllamina, of my heart
None ſhall e're bereave you:
If by your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day
I will never leave you.

2. Paſſion's but an empty name,
Where reſpect is wanting;
Damon, you miſtake your aim,
Hang your heart, and dam your flame,
If you muſt be ranting.

3. Love as pale and muddy is,
As decaying Liquor:
Anger ſets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

4. Lo

4. Love by anger to beget,
Wiſely you endeavour,
With a grave Phyſician wit,
Who to cure an Ague fit,
Puts me in a Feavour.

5. Anger rowſeth love to fight,
And its only bait is,
'Tis the guide to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite
When deſire at height is.

5. If ſuch drops of heat do fall,
In our wooing weather,
If ſuch drops of heat do fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all,
When we come together.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

BEneath a Mirtle ſhade,
Which none but Love for happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtraight my love before me brought
Phillis; the object of my waking thought.
Undreſt ſhe came, my flames to meet,
Whilſt Love ſtrew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers, that ſo preſt by her, became more ſweet.

2. From the bright Virgins head,
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white temple fell her ſhady hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown nor fair;
Her hands, her lips did love inſpire,
Her every Grace my heart did fire,
But moſt her eyes, that languiſh with deſire.

3. Ah charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my bliſs deny?
By Nature and by Love this lovely Shade
Was for reveng of ſuffering Lovers made.
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me:
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

4. No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid.
Faintly methought ſhe ſpoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a ſmile.
Then die, ſaid I: She ſtill denied,
And yet, *Thus, thus*, ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid, and ſo ſhe died.

5, I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Miſtris of the two,
I fancy I had done what *Phillis* would not do.

Ah cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
Whilſt I can dream you ſcorn in vain,
Aſleep, or waking, I muſt eaſe my pain.

The Diſconſolate Lover.

1. AS I lay all alone on my bed ſlumbring,
Thinking my reſtleſs ſoul to repoſe,
All my thoughts they began then to be numbring
Up her diſdainings, the cauſe of my woes;
That ſo encreaſt my dolour and pain,
I fear I never ſhall ſee her again:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

2. When this fair cruel She I firſt ſaw praying
Within the Temple unto her Saint,
Then mine eyes every look my heart betraying,
Which is the cauſe of my doleful complaint,
That all my joys are quite fled and gone,
And I in ſorrow am now left alone:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

3. Then farewel ev'ry thing that ſounds like pleaſure,
And welcome death the cure of my ſmart.

I deem'd firſt ſight of her, I graſp'd a treaſure;
But wo is me, it has broken my heart:
For now my Paſſing-bell calls away,
And I with her no longer muſt ſtay:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſobbing cry,
O my Love, O my Love, for thee I die.

The ſubtil and coy Girl.

The tune, Silvia *tell me how long it will be.*

1. WHy ſhould my *Celia* now be coy,
In denying to yield me thoſe Graces
Which we did formerly both enjoy
In our amorous mutual embraces?
She'll not give me a reaſon,
But ſhews me a frown
Is enough to deſtroy a poor Lover.
Ah *Celia*, once I did think thee mine own,
But now I my folly diſcover.

2. Is it becauſe I have been ſo kind
At all times to feed thy deſire
In Preſents and Treats, thou haſt chang'd thy mind,
And left me like Dun in the Mire?
Or elſe is't becauſe thou doſt
Think my Eſtate
Is too mean to uphold thee in Brav'ry?

Know *Celia*, 'tis not ſo much cut of date,
To force me endure ſo much ſlav'ry.

3. Or is't becauſe thou wilt follow the mode,
Since moſt are addicted to changing,
Thou'dſt only get thee a name abroad,
I being more famous for ranging.
Nay *Celia*, more this truth thou woo't find,
I therefore adviſe thee be wary,
When ever thou getſt thee a Mate to thy mind,
He'll play thee the ſame fagary.

The Drawing of Valentines.

The tune, *Madams Jig*.

1. THere was, and there was, and there was,
And I marry was there,
A Crew on S. *Valentines* Eve did meet together,
And every Lad had his particular Laſs there,
And drawing of *Valentines* cauſed their
Coming thither,
Then Mr. *John* drew Mrs. *Jone* firſt, Sir.
And Mrs. *Jone* would fain a drawn *John* an' ſhe
Durſt, Sir.
So Mr. *William* drew Mrs. *Gillian* the next, Sir;
And Mrs. *Gillian*, not drawing of *William*,
Was vex't, Sir,

2. They then did jumble all in the hat together,
And each did promiſe them to draw 'em fair Sir:
But Mrs. *Heſter* vow'd that ſhe had rather
Draw Mr. *Keſter* then any that was there Sir:
So Mr. *Keſter* drew with Mrs. *Heſter* then Sir:
And Mrs. *Heſter* drew Mr. *Keſter* agen Sir:
And Mr. *Harry* drew Mrs. *Mary* fearly,
And Mrs. *Mary* did draw Mr. *Harry* as neatly.

3. They all together then reſolved to draw Sir,
And every one deſir'd to draw their Friend Sir;
But Mr. *Richard* did keep 'em ſo in aw Sir,
And told 'em then they ne're ſhould make an end Sir:
So Mr. *Richard* drew Mrs. *Bridget* ſquarely,
And Mrs. *Bridget* drew Mr. *Richard* as fairly:
But Mr. *Hugh* drew Mrs. *Su* but ſlily,
And Mrs. *Su* did draw Mr. *Hugh* as wily.

4. Thus have you heard o'th' twelve that lately drew Sir,
How every one would fain their friend have drawn Sir:
And now there's left to draw but four o'th' crew Sir,
And each did promiſe his Laſs an ell of Lawn Sir.
So Mr. *Watty* drew Mrs. *Katy* but ſlightly,
And Mrs. *Katy* did draw Mr. *Watty* as lightly:
But Mr. *Thomas* in drawing of *Annis* too faſt Sir,
Made Mrs. *Annis* to draw Mr. *Thomas* at laſt Sir.

5. And there is an end, and an end, and an end of
my Song, Sir,
Of *Jonne* and *Jony*, and *William* and *Gillian* too Sir,
To *Keſter* & *Heſter*, and *Harry* & *Mary* belong Sir,
Both *Richard*, and *Bridget*, and *Hugh*, and honeſt
Sue, Sir;
But *Watty* and *Katy*, and *Thomas* and *Annis* here, Sir,
Are the only Four that now do bring up the Rear,
Sir:
Then every one i'th' Tavern cry amain Sir,
And ſtaid till drawing there had fill'd their brain,
Sir.

A late and true ſtory of a furious Scold, ſerved in her kind.

The tune, *Step ſtately.*

1. WAs ever man ſo vex'd with a Trull,
As I poor *Anthony* ſince I was wed,
For I never can get my belly full,
But before I have ſupp'd, I muſt haſten to bed:
Or elſe ſhe'll begin to ſcold and to brawl,
And to call me Puppy and Cuckold and all:
Yet ſhe with her Cronies muſt trole it about,
Whileſt I in my Kennel muſt ſnore it out.

2. I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But ſhe in a trice did fetch me away:
We both but two pence a piece did ſpend,
Yet it prov'd to me Execution day;
For ſhe flew in my face, and call'd me fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legged ſtool:
Nay, ſhe furniſht my face with ſo many ſcratches.
That for a whole month 'twas cover'd with patches.

3. Whatever money I get in the day,
To keep her in quiet I give her at night,
Or elſe ſhall licenſe her tongue to play
For two or three hours juſt like a ſpright.
Then to the Cupbord Pilgarlick muſt hie,
To ſeek for ſome Cruſts that have long lain dry:
So I ſteep 'um in skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

4. And once a month, for faſhion ſake,
She gives me leave to come to her bed;
But moſt that time I muſt lie awake,
Leſt ſhe in her fits ſhould knock me o'th' head.
But for the Bed I do lie on my ſelf,
You'd think 'twere as ſoft as an Oaken ſhelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen-hurds:
And yet for all this I muſt give her good words.

5. We commonly both do piſs in a Pan,
But the Cullender once was ſet in the place:
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc't it out on my ſtomach and face.
I told her then ſhe urin'd beſide,
But ſhe call'd me Rogue, and told me I lied,
And ſwore it was not up to her thumb,
Then ſhe threw the pan in the middle of the room.

6 Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before
Did come to the houſe to borrow a Pail:
I kiſt her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But ſhe flew in her face with tooth and nail;
But the Wench ſhe ſtood to her, and claw'd her about,
That for a whole fortnight ſhe never ſtirr'd out;
For her eyes were ſo ſwell'd, and her face was ſo tore
That I never ſaw Jade ſo mangled before.

7. She then did bid me drop in her eyes
A Sovereign Water ſent her that day;
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury ſteep'd in Whey:
I dropt it in, and nointed her face,
Which brought her into a moſt Devilliſh caſe:
For ſhe tore and ſhe ranted, and well ſhe might;
For after that time ſhe ne're had ſight,

8. I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from place to place:
And now 'tis, *Husband, I hope you are well* ;
But before it was *Cuckold and Rogue* to my face:
Then bleſt be that Henbane and *Mercury* ſtrong,
That hath made ſuch a change in my wives tongue.
You ſee 'its a Medicine certain and ſure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'll ſay no more.

A Song on the Declenſions.

The tune is, *Shackle de bay.*

MY Miſtris ſhe is fully known
To all the five Declenſions,
She'll ſeize 'em ſingly one by one,
To take their true Dimenſions.
She ne'er declin'd yet any man,
Yet they'l decline her now and then,
In ſpight of her Inventions.

2. Firſt *Muſa* is her Mothers name,
And *hæc* does ſtill attend her:
She is a *hujus* burley Dame,
Though *huic* be but ſlender:
Yet ſhe'll have a *hanc* on every man,
And *hae* him to do what he can,
Unleſs they do befriend her.

3. *Magi*

3. *Magiſter* was her Father too,
   And *hic* is ſtill his man Sir,
Nay *filius* is her Son alſo,
   And *Dominus* her Grandſire :
Nay *Lucus*, *Agnus*, and that Lamb-like crew,
She'll call'm *hunc's*, I and *hoc's* 'em too,
   Do all that e'er they can Sir.

4. Next ſhe's to *lapis* very kind,
   As honeſt *hic* has ſed Sir ;
For ſhe's to precious ſtones inclin'd
   Full long before ſhe was wed Sir.
Which made her Parents often ſay,
That *hic* and *hæc* both night and day,
   Was forc'd to watch her bed Sir.

5. She beat poor *manus* with a Cane,
   Though he did often hand her
From *Whetſtones-Park* to *Parkers Lane*,
   And was her conſtant Pandor.
Yet give him *mani* buſſes when
That ſhe could get no other men,
   That he could not withſtand her.

6. 'Bout noon ſhe'd with *Meridies* dine,
   And ſup, and bed him too Sir :
She'd make poor *facies* to her incline,
   In ſpight of all he could do Sir.

She day by day would *dies* pledge,
Which ſet poor *acies* teeth an edge,
And often made him ſpew Sir.

7. Thus have I ſhew'd her Kindred here,
And all her dear Relations,
As *Muſa*, *Lapis*, *Magiſter*,
And all their antick faſhions.
Meridies, *Manus*, and *Felix* too
Are happy that they never knew
Any of all her ſtations.

A Song of the three Degrees of Compariſon.

The tune, *And 'tis the Knave of Clubs bears all the ſway.*

MY Miſtris ſhe loves Dignities,
For ſhe has taken three Degrees;
There's no compariſon can be made
With her in all her ſubtile Trade.
She's poſitively known a Whore,
And ſuperlatively runs on ſcore.

2. And firſt I *Poſitive* her call,
'Cauſe ſhe'l be abſolute in all:
For ſhe's to *durus* very hard,
And with ſad *triſtis* often jarr'd:

Which happily made *Felix* ſay,
Sweet *dulcis* carried all away.

3. Next ſhe is call'd *Comparative*,
For ſhe'll compare to any alive,
For ſcolding, whoring, and the reſt:
Of the Illiberal Sciences in her breaſt:
She'll drink more hard than *durior*.
Though he would harder drink before,

4. Then ſhe's call'd *Superlative*;
'Cauſe ſhe'll her Pedigree derive,
Not from *Potens*, or *Potentior*,
The Mighty, or the Mightier:
But from *Potentiſſimus*,
Not *bonus*, *melior*, but *Optimus*.

5. Thus have I ſhew'd my Miſtris t'ye,
And gradually in each degree:
How ſhe is *Poſitive* to ſome,
Comparative when others come,
Superlative even over all,
Yet underneath her ſelf will fall.

The kind Husband, but imperious Wife.

The firſt part of the Tune his, and the latter part hers.

M.

1. WIfe, prethee come give me thy hand now,
And ſit thee down by me:
There's never a man in the Land now
Shall be more loving to thee.

W.

2. I hate to ſit by ſuch a Drone,
Thou lieſt like a Hog in my Bed:
I had better a lain alone,
For I ſtill have my Maiden-head.

M.

3. Wife, what woulſt thou have me to do now,
I think I have plaid the man:
But if I were ruled by you now,
You'd have me do more than I can.

W.

4. I make you do more than you can?
You lie like a fool God wot:
When I thought to have found thee a man,
I found thee a fumbling Sot.

M.

M.

5. Wife, prethee now leave off thy ranting;
And let us both agree ;
There's nothing elſe ſhall be wanting,
If thou wilt be ruled by me.

W.

6. I will have a Coach and a man :
And a Saddle-Horſe to ride :
I alſo will have a Sedan,
And a Footman to run by my ſide.

M.

7. Thou ſhalt have all this, my dear wife,
And thou ſhalt bear the ſway,
And I'l provide thee good chear, wife,
'Gainſt thou com'ſt from the Park or a Play.

W.

8. I'll have every month a new Gown,
And a Peticoat dy'd in grain,
Of the modiſheſt Silk in the Town,
And a Page to hold up my Train.

M.

.Thou ſhalt have this too,my ſweet wife,
If thou'dſt contented be,
Or any thing elſe that is meet wife,
So that we may but agree.

W.

0. I will have a *Gallant* or two,
And they ſhall be handſom men ;

And I'll make you to know your Cue,
When they come in and go out agen.

M.

11. Methinks a couple's too few, wife,
Thou ſhalt have three or four,
And yet I know thou'dſt be true wife,
Although thou hadſt half a ſcore.

W.

12. I will have as many as I pleaſe,
In ſpite of your teeth, you fool,
And when I've the *Pocky Diſeaſe*,
'Tis thou ſhalt empty my ſtool.

M.

13. Why how now you brazen-fac'd Harlot,
I'l make you to change your note,
And if ever I find that you ſnarl at
My actions, I'l bang your Coat.

14. Nay, I'l make you to wait, you Flaps,
At Table till I have din'd,
And I'll leave you nothing but ſcraps,
Until I do find you more kind.

W.

15. Sweet Husband, I now cry *Peccavi*,
You know we women are frail;
And for the ill words that I gave ye,
Ask pardon, and hope to prevail.

For now I will lie at your foot,
Deſiring to kiſs your hand:
Nay, caſt off my Gallants to boot,
And ſtill be at your command.

A Song at the Dukes Houſe.

1. MAke ready, fair Lady, to night,
And ſtand at the door below:
For I will be there to receive you with care,
And to your true love you ſhall go.

2. And when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly, ere the Jealous can ſpy,
And leave my old Daddy aſleep.

A Song at the Kings Houſe.

1. TO little or no purpoſe have I ſpent all my days
In ranging the *Park*, th' *Exchange*, & the *Plays*,
Yet ne'r in my Ramble till now did I prove
So happy, to meet with the man I could love.
But O how I'm pleas'd when I think of the man
That I find I muſt love, let me do what I can!

2. How long I ſhall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Feaver, when I ſhould be well:
My Paſſion ſhall kill me before I will ſhow it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it.
But, O how I ſigh, when I think, ſhould he woo me,
That I cannot deny what I know will undo me!

A Song, The tune, *Robin Rowſer.*

MY Name is honeſt *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*:
In ſpight of *Cis* or jealous *Beſs*,
I'l have my own vagary.

2. My Love is blithe and buckſome,
And ſweet and fine as can be:
Freſh and gay as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jackadandy*.

3. And if ſhe will not have me,
That am ſo true a Lover,
I'l drink my Wine, and ne'r repine,
And down the ſtairs I'l ſhove her.

4. But if that ſhe will love,
I'l be as kind as may be;

I'l give her Rings and pretty things,
And deck her like a Lady.

5. Her Peticoat of Satin,
Her Gown of Crimſon Taby,
Lac'd up before and ſpangled o're,
Juſt like a *Bartlemew Baby.*

6. Her Waſtcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together,
Her Stockins of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her Shoes of Spaniſh Leather.

7. Her Smock o'th' fineſt Holland,
And lac'd in every quarter:
Side and wide, and long enough,
And hangs below her garter.

8. Then to the Church I'l have her,
Where we will wed together:
So come home when we have done,
In ſpight of wind and weather.

9. The Fidlers ſhall attend us,
And firſt play, *John come kiſs me*;
And when that we have danc'd a round,
They ſhall play, *Hit or miſs me.*

10. Then hey for little *Mary*,
'Tis ſhe I love alone Sir :
Let any man do what he can,
I will have her or none Sir.

Theſe following are to be underſtood two ways.

I Saw a Peacock, with a fiery tail
I ſaw a blazing Comet, drop down hail
I ſaw a Cloud, with Ivy circled round
I ſaw a ſturdy Oak, creep on the ground
I ſaw a Piſmire, ſwallow up a Whale
I ſaw a raging Sea, brim full of Ale
I ſaw a Venice Glaſs, ſixteen foot deep
I ſaw a Well, full of mens tears that weep
I ſaw their Eyes, all in a flame of fire
I ſaw a Houſe, as big as the Moon and higher
I ſaw the Sun, even in the midſt of night
I ſaw the Man that ſaw this wondrous ſight.

On the Sea-fight with the Hollanders in the Rumps time.

MY wiſhes greet the Navy of the Dutch,
The Engliſh Fleet I all good fortune grutch,

May no ſtorm toſs *Van Trump* and his Sea-Forces,
The Harp and Croſs ſhall have my daily curſes,
Smile gentle Fates on the Dutch Admiral,
Upon our States the Plagues of *Egypt* fall;
Attend all health the Cavaliering part,
This Commonwealth I value not a fart:

Thus I my wiſhes and my prayers divide
Between the Rebels and the Regicide:
Backwards and forwards thus I break my mind,
And hope the Fates at laſt will be ſo kind,
That the old Proverb may but wheel about,
True men might have their own, now Knaves fall out.

The Anſwer to Ask me no more whither doth ſtray.

1. I'LL tell you true whither doth ſtray
The darkneſs which ſucceeds the day;
For Heavens vengeance did allow
It ſtill ſhould frown upon your Brow.

2. I'l tell you true where may be found
A voice that's like the Screech-Owls ſound:
For in your falſe deriding throat
It lies, and death is in its note.

3. I'l tell you true whither doth paſs
The ſmiling look ſeen in the glaſs,
For in your face 't reflects and there
Falſe as your ſhadow doth appear.

4. I'l tell you true whither are blown
The angry wheels of Thiſtle-down;
It flies into your mind, whoſe care
Is to be light as Thiſtles are.

5. I'l tell you true within what Neſt
The Cuckow lays her eggs to reſt;
It is your Boſom, which can keep
Nor him nor them: Farewel, I'l ſleep.

A Dialogue between William *and* Harry, *Riding on the Way.*

H.

1. NOble, lovely, virtuous Creature,
Purpoſely ſo fram'd by nature,
To inthral your ſervants wits.

W.

2. Time muſt now unite our hearts,
Not for any my deſerts,
But becauſe methinks it fits.

H.

H.

3. Deareſt treaſure of my thought,
And yet wert thou to be bought
With my life, thou wert not dear.

W.

4. Secret comfort of my mind,
Doubt no longer to be kind,
But be ſo, and ſo appear.

H.

5. Give me love for love again,
Let our loves be clear and plain,
Heaven is faireſt, when it is cleareſt.

W.

6. Leſt in clouds and in deferring,
We reſemble Seamen erring,
Fartheſt off when we are neareſt.

H.

7. Thus with numbers interchanged,
William's Muſe and mine have ranged,
Verſe and Journy both are ſpent.

W.

8. And if *Harry* chance to ſay
That we well have ſpent the day,
I for my part am content.

II.

A Gentleman on his beautiful Miſtreſs.

1. YOu meaner Beauties of the night,
That poorly ſatisfie our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun ſhall riſe.

2. You curious Chanters of the Wood,
That warble forth Dame Natures Lays,
Thinking your voices underſtood
By their weak accents, What's your praiſe
When Philomel *her voice ſhall raiſe ?*

3. You Violets that firſt appear,
By your purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own,
What are you when the Roſe is blown ?

4. So when my Miſtris ſhall be ſeen
In form and beauty of her mind,
She cannot leſs be than a Queen;
And I believe ſhe was deſign'd
T' eclipſe the Glory of her kind.

A Deſcription of the Spring.

And now all Nature ſeem'd in love,
The luſty Sun began to move:
Now Juyce did ſtir th' embracing Vines,
And Birds had drawn their Valentines;
The jealous Trout that low did lie,
Roſe at a well-diſſembled Flie?
Then ſtood my Friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling Quill.
Already were the Eaves poſſeſt
With the ſwift Pilgrims dawbed Neſt;
The Groves already did rejoyce,
In *Philomel's* triumphing voice;
The Showrs were ſhort, the Weather mild,
The Morning freſh, the Evening ſmil'd:
Jone takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now
She trips to meet the Sand-red Cow,
Where for ſome ſturdy Foot-ball-Swain
Jone ſtroaks a Syllabub or twain:
The Fields and Gardens were beſet
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet:
And now, though late, the modeſt Roſe
Did more than half a bluſh diſcloſe:
Thus all lookt gay, all full of chear,
To welcom this new liv'ried Year.

On

On a Shepherd loſing his Miſtris.

Tune, *Amongſt the Myrtles as I walk'd.*

1. STay Shepherd, prethee Shepherd ſtay :
Didſt thou not ſee her run this way ?
Where may ſhe be, canſt thou not gueſs ?
Alas ! I've loſt my Shepherdeſs.

2. I fear ſome Satyr has betray'd
My pretty Lamb unto the ſhade :
Then wo is me, for I'm undone,
For in the ſhade ſhe was my Sun.

3. In Summer heat were ſhe not ſeen,
No ſolitary Vale was green :
The blooming Hills, the downy Meads,
Bear not a Flower but where ſhe treads.

4. Huſh'd were the ſenſeleſs Trees when ſhe
Sate but to keep them company :
The ſilver ſtreams were ſwell'd with pride,
When ſhe ſate ſinging by their ſide.

5. The Pink, the Cowſlip, and the Roſe
Strive to ſalute her where ſhe goes ;

nd then contend to kiſs her Shoo,
he Pancy and the Daizy too.

. But now I wander on the Plains,
orſake my home, and Fellow-Swains,
nd muſt for want of her, I ſee,
eſolve to die in miſery.

. For when I think to find my Love
ithin the boſom of a Grove,
ethinks the Grove bids me forbear,
nd ſighing ſays, She is not here.

. Next do I fly unto the Woods,
here *Flora* pranks her ſelf with Buds,
hinking to find her there: But lo!
he Myrtles and the Shrubs ſay, No.

. Then what ſhall I unhappy do,
r whom ſhall I complain unto?
o, no, here I'm reſolv'd to die,
elcome ſweet Death and Deſtiny.

The Soldiers Reſolution.

HEre ſtands the man that for his Countreys good
Has with couragious Arms in ſweat and blood

Ran through an Hoſt of Pikes : He, he I was
Out-dar'd the Thunder of the roaring Braſs,
Kickt my black Stars, ſpurn'd Balls of fire with ſco
Like to a Foot-ball in a froſty morn ;
Made Death to tremble, and have bid my Drum
Beat a Defiance to the Cowardly ſcum.
And ſhall I now like a Pedantick ſtand,
Scraping and crouching with my Cap in hand
To baſe-born Peaſants? No, he's but a Worm
That ſtrikes his Top-ſail to a little Storm.
Here then I'l fix, that nothing ſhall controul
The Reſolutions of a Gallant Soul.

On the Golden Croſs in Cheapſide.

TWo Fellows gazing at the Croſs in *Cheap*,
Says one, Methinks it is the rareſt heap
Of Stone that e're was built ; it ought, I ſee,
One of the Wonders of the World to be,
No, ſays the other, and began to ſwear,
The Croſſes of the World no Wonders are.

On a Pretender to Gentility, ſuſpected to be a Highway-man.

A Great Pretender to Gentility,
Came to a Herald for his Pedigree:
Beginning there to ſwagger, roar, and ſwear,
Requir'd to know what Arms he was to bear:
The Herald knowing what he was, begun
To rumble o'r his Heraldry; which done,
Told him he was a Gentleman of note,
And that he had a very glorious Coat.
Prethee, what is't? quoth he, and here's your fees.
Sir, ſays the Herald, 'tis two Rampant Trees,
One Couchant; add to give it further ſcope,
A Ladder Paſſant, and a Pendant Rope:
And for a grace unto your Blue-coat Sleeves,
There is a Bird i' th' Creſt that ſtrangles Thieves.

A Song.

1. A Blith and bonny Country Laſs
Sate ſighing on the tender Graſs,
And weeping ſaid, will none come woo her?
A dapper Boy, a lither Swain,
That had a mind her love to gain,
With ſmiling looks ſtraight came unto her.

2. When as the wanton Girl eſpied
The means to make her ſelf a Bride,
She ſimper'd much like bonny *Nell.*
The Swein that ſaw her very kind,
His Arms about her body twin'd,
And ſaid, Fair Laſs, how fare ye, well?

3. The Country Laſs ſaid, Well forſooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth, that makes me cry.
Alas, ſays he what gars thy grief?
A wound, ſays ſhe, without relief,
I fear that I a Maid ſhall die.

4. If that be all, the Shepherd ſaid,
I'l make thee Wive it, gentle Maid,
And ſo recure thy Malady:
On which they kiſt, with many an Oath,
And 'fore God *Pan* did plight their Troth;
So to the Church away they hie.

5. And *Jove* ſend every pretty Peat,
That ferrs to die of of this conceit,
So kind a Friend to help at laſt:
Then Maids ſhall never long again,
When they find eaſe for ſuch a pain:
And thus my Roundelay is paſt.

A Song on Love.

1. IF Love be Life, I long to die ;
Live they that liſt for me :
And he that gains the moſt thereby,
A fool at leaſt ſhall be.
But he that feels the ſoreſt fits,
Scapes with no leſs than loſs of wits.
Unhappy life they gain, which Love do entertain.

2. In day by feigned Looks they live,
By lying Dreams in night :
Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
Each ſmile a falſe delight.
If't hap their Lady pleaſant ſeem,
It is for others love they deem :
If void ſhe ſeem of joy, diſdain doth make her coy.

3. Such is the peace that Lovers find,
Such is the Life they lead,
Blown here and there with every wind,
Like Flowers in the Mead.
Now war, now peace, then war again,
Deſire, deſpair, delight, diſdain,
Though dead, in midſt of life ; in peace, and yet at ſtrife.

A Song.

I Serve *Amynta* whiter than the ſnow,
Streighter than Cedar, brighter than the Glaſs,
More fine in trip than foot of running Roe,
More pleaſant than the Field of flow'ring Graſs;
More gladſom to my with'ring joys that fade,
Than Winters Sun, or Summers cooling Shade.

2. Sweeter than ſwelling Grape of ripeſt Vine,
Softer than feathers of the faireſt Swan,
Smoother than Jet, more ſtately than the Pine,
Freſher than Poplar, ſmaller than my Span,
Clearer than *Phœbus* fiery pointed Beam,
Or Icy Cruſt of Cryſtals frozen Stream,

3. Yet is ſhe curſter than the Bear by kind,
And harder-hearted than the aged Oak:
More glib than Oyl, more fickle than the Wind,
More ſtiff than Steel, no ſooner bent but broke.
Lo thus my ſervice is a laſting ſore;
Yet will I ſerve, although I die therefore.

The Deſcription of Love, in a Dialogue between two Shepherds, Will *and* Tom

Tom.

1. SHepherd, what's Love, I pray thee tell?

Will.

It is that Fountain and that Well
Where Pleaſure and Repentance dwell:
It is perhaps that ſauncing Bell
That toles All-in to Heaven or Hell,
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

T.

2. Yet what is Love, I prethee ſay?

W.

It is a work on Holy-day:
It is *December* match'd with *May,*
When luſty Bloods in freſh array,
Hear ten Months after of their play;
And this is Love, as I hear ſay.

.T

3. Yet what is Love, I pray be plain?

W.

It is a Sun-ſhine mixt with Rain;
It is a Tooth-ach, or worſe pain;
It is a Game, where none doth gain;
It is a thing turmoils the brain:
And this is Love, ds I hear ſayen.

T.

4. Yet Shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

W.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray;
It is a thing will ſoon away:
For 'twill not long with any ſtay:
And this is Love, as I hear ſay.

T.

5. Yet what is Love, good Shepherd ſhow?

W.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go;
A prize that paſſeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that loves ſhall find it ſo:
And Shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

A Song call'd, Loves Lottery.

At the Duke's Houſe.

RUn to Loves Lottery, run Maids, and rejoyce,
Whilſt ſeeking your chance, you meet your own Choice,
And boaſt that your luck you helpt with deſign,
By praying croſs-legg'd to S. *Valentine.*

Hark, hark, a Prize is drawn, and Trumpets ſound
Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra, Tanta, ra, ra.
Hark Maids, more Lots are drawn, Prizes abound;
Dub, a dub, the Drum now beats,
And dub, a dub, a dub, Echo repeats;
As if at laſt the God of War had made
Loves Queen a Skirmiſh for a Serenade.
Haſte, haſte, fair Maids, and come away,
The Prieſt attends, the Bridegrooms ſtay:
Roſes and Pinks will we ſtrow where you go,
Whilſt I walk in ſhades of Willow.
When I am dead, let him that did ſlay me
Be but ſo kind, ſo gentle to lay me
There where neglected Lovers mourn,
Where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn,
Where Clerks in Quires ſad Dirges ſing,
Where ſweetly Bells at Burials ring.

On a Gentleman.

Tune, *My Freedom, which is all my Joy.*

1. POor *Cloris* wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears came trickling down;
Such wealthy drops may well ſuffice
To be the Ranſom of a Crown:

And as ſhe wept, ſhe ſigh'd, and ſaid,
Alas for me unhappy Maid,
That by my folly, my folly am betray'd.

2. When firſt theſe eyes, unhappy eyes,
Met with the Author of my wo,
Methoughts our ſouls did ſympathize,
And it was death to ſay him no.
He ſu'd, I granted; O then befel
My ſhame, which I'me afraid to tell?
Ay me, that I had never lov'd ſo well.

3. O had I been ſo wiſe as not
T'have yielded up my Virgin-Fort,
My life had been without a blot,
And dar'd the envy of Report:
But now my guilt hath made me be
A ſcorn for time to point at me,
As at the But and Mark of Miſery.

4. Here now in ſorrow do I ſit,
And penſive thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt!
My ſilly heart with cares is ſplit,
And grief denies me wonted reſt:
Come then black night and ſcreen me round,
That I may never more be found,
Unleſs in tears, in tears of ſorrow drown'd.

On

On Men eſcap'd drowning in a Tempeſt.

1. ROcks, Shelves, and Sands, and all farewel;
Fie, who would dwell in ſuch a Hell
As is a Ship; which drunk doth reel,
Taking ſalt Healths from Deck to Keel.

2. Up we were ſwallowed in wet graves,
All ſous'd in Waves, by *Neptune's* Slaves:
What ſhall we do, being toſt to Shore,
Milk ſome blind Tavern, and there roar?

3. 'Tis brave, my Boys, to ſail on Land;
For being well mann'd, we can cry, Stand:
The Trade of Purſing ne're ſhall fail,
Until the Hangman crys, Strike Sail.

On a great Heat in Egypt.

I Formerly in Countreys oft have been
Under the Æquinoctial, where I've ſeen
The Sun diſperſe ſuch a prodigious Heat,
That made our Sieve-like Skins to rain with Sweat:
Men would have given for an Eclipſe their lives.
Or one whiſper of Air: yet each man ſtrives

To throw up graſs, feathers, nay, women too,
To find the Wind: all falls like Lead, none blew.
The Dog-ſtar ſpits new fires, till't come to paſs;
Each man became his neighbours Burning glaſs;
Lean men did turn to aſhes preſently,
Fat men did roaſt to lean anatomy:
Young womens heat did get themſelves with child
For none but they themſelves, themſelves defil'd.
Old women naturally to Witches turn'd,
And onely rubbing one another, burn'd:
The Beaſts were bak'd, skin turn'd to cruſt they ſay,
And Fiſhes in the River boil'd away:
Birds in the air were roaſted, and not burn'd;
For as they fell down, all the way they turn'd.

On a mighty Rain.

HEaven did not weep, but in its ſwelling eye
Whole ſeas of Rheum and moiſt Catarhs did lie,
Which ſo beſpawl'd the lower world, men ſee
Corn blaſted, and the fruit of every Tree;
Air was condens'd to water, 'gainſt their wiſh,
And all their Fowl were turn'd to flying Fiſh;
Like Watermen they throng'd to ply a Fare,
And thought it had been navigable Air:
Beaſts loſt their natural motion of each Limb,
Forgot to go, with practiſing to ſwim.

A Trout now here, you would not think how ſoon
Ta'ne ready dreſt for th' Empreſs of the Moon:
The Fixed Stars, though to our eyes were miſſing,
We knew yet were, by their continual hiſſing.
Women ſeem'd Maremaids, ſailing with the wind,
The greateſt miracle was Fiſh behind:
But men were all kept ſhort againſt their wiſh,
And could commit but the cold ſin of Fiſh.

The Blunt Lover.

MAdam, I cannot court your ſprightly eyes
With a Baſe-Viol plac'd betwixt my thighs:
I cannot liſp, nor to the Guittar ſing,
And tire my brains with ſimple Sonneting,
I am not faſhion'd for theſe amorous times,
And cannot court you in laſcivious Rhimes:
Nor can I whine in puling Elegies,
And at your feet lie begging from your eyes
A gracious look: I cannot dance nor caper,
Nor dally, ſwear, proteſt, lie, rant, and vaper,
I cannot kiſs your hand, play with your hair,
And tell you that you only are moſt fair;
I cannot croſs my arms, nor cry, Ay me
Poor forlorn man! All this is foppery.
Nor can I Maſquerade, as th' faſhion's now,
No, no, My heart to theſe can never bow:

But what I can do, I ſhall tell you roundly,
Hark in your ear; By *Jove* I'le kiſs you ſoundly.

On a Watch loſt in a Tavern.

A Watch loſt in a Tavern! That's a Crime;
Then ſee how men by drinking loſe their time.
The Watch kept Time; and if Time will away,
I ſee no reaſon why the Watch ſhould ſtay.
You ſay the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept priſ'ner in a Pocket.
Henceforth if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket too.

A Song, with the Latine to it.

When as the Nightingale chanted her Veſper,
And the wild Foreſters couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the Evenings whiſper
Unto a fragrant Field with Roſes crown'd,
Where ſhe before had ſent her wiſhes complement,
Which to her hearts content plaid with me on the Green:
Never *Mark Antony* dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Egyptian* Queen.

The Latin.

CAntu Luſcinia ſomnum irritat,
Salvi v gi ſunt in Cubilibus:
Hoc me ſilentio Venus invitat
Ad viridarium fragrantius;
Ubi promiſerat, qui mentem flexerat
Gaudia temperat ſic mihi ſolida.
O non dux Amaſius luſit beatius
Cum Regina Nilotica.

De Vino & Venere.

DOte neither on *Women*, nor on *Wine*,
For to thy hurt they both alike incline:
Venus thy ſtrength, and *Bacchus* with his ſweet
And pleaſant Grape debilitates the feet.
Blind Love will blab what he in ſecret did,
In giddy Wine there's nothing can be hid.
Seditious wars oft *Cupid* hath begun,
Bacchus to arms makes men in fury run:
Venus (unjuſt) by horrid war loſt *Troy*;
Bacchus by war the *Lappits* did deſtroy.
When thou with both or either are poſſeſt,
Shame, honeſty, and fear oft flies thy breſt:

In fetters *Venus* keep, in gyves *Bacchus* tye,
Leſt by their free gifts they thee damnifie.
Uſe Wine for thirſt, *Venus* for lawful Seed;
To paſs theſe limits, may thy danger breed.

On Wine.

HE that with Wine, Wine thinks t' expel,
One ill would with another quell:
A Trumpet, with a Trumpet drown:
Or with the Cryer of the Town
Still a loud man: Noiſe deaf with noiſe,
Or to convert a Bawd, make choice
Of a Pander: Pride with pride ſhame thus,
Or put a Cook down by *Caliſtratus*;
Diſcord by diſcord think to eaſe,
Or any man with ſcoffs appeaſe:
So War by Battel to reſtrain,
And labour mitigate by pain:
Command a ſudden peace between
Two ſhrill Scolds in their height of ſpleen;
By Drink to quench Drink is all one,
As is by ſtrife, ſtrife to attone.

2

A Song called Hide-Park.

The tune,

Honour invites you to delights,
Come to the Court, and be all made Knights.

1. COme all you noble, you that are neat ones,
Hide-Park is now both freſh and green:
Come all you Gallants that are great ones,
And are deſirous to be ſeen:
Would you a Wife or Miſtriſs rare,
Here are the beſt of *England* fair:
Here you may chuſe, alſo refuſe,
As you your judgements pleaſe to uſe.

2. Come all you Courtiers in your neat faſhions,
Rich in your new unpaid-for ſilk:
Come you brave Wenches, and court your ſtations,
Here in the buſhes the Maids do milk:
Come then and revel, the Spring invites
Beauty and youth for your delights,
All that are fair, all that are rare,
You ſhall have licenſe to compare.

3. Here the great Ladies all of the Land are,
Drawn with ſix Horſes at the leaſt:
Here are all that of the *Strand* are,
And to be ſeen now at the beſt.
Weſtminſter-Hall, who is of the Court,
Unto this place doth now all reſort:
Both high and low here you may know,
And all do come themſelves to ſhow.

4. The Merchants wives that keep their Coaches,
Here in the Park do take the air;
They go abroad to avoid reproaches,
And hold themſelves as Ladies fair:
For whilſt their Hubands gone are to trade
Unto their ſhips by Sea or Land:
Who will not ſay, why may not they
Trade, like their own Husbands, in their own way.

5. Here from the Countrey come the Girls flying
For husbands, though of parts little worth:
They at th' *Exchange* have been buying
The laſt new faſhion that came forth:
And are deſirous to have it ſeen,
As if before it ne'er had been:
So you may ſee all that may be
Had in the Town or Countrey.

6. Here comes the Girls of the rich City;
  Aldermens daughters fair and proud,
Their Jealous Mothers come t' invite ye,
  For fear they ſhould be loſt i'th' croud:
Who for their breeding are taught to dance,
  Their birth and fortune to advance:
And they will be as frolick and free,
  As you your ſelf expect to ſee.

To his Coy Miſtris.

1. COy one, I ſay, Be gone,
  My love-days now are done:
Were thy Brow like Iv'ry free,
Yet 'tis more black than Jet to me.

2. Might thy hairy Treſs compare
With *Daphne's* ſporting with the air,
As it is worſe fetter'd far
Than th' knotty tuffs of Mandrakes are.

3. Were there in thy ſquint eyes found
True native ſparks of Diamond;
As they are duller ſure I am,
  Than th' Eye-Lamps of a dying man.

4. Were thy breath a Civit ſcent,
Or ſome purer Element ;
As there's none profeſs thee love,
Can touch thy Lips without a Glove.

5. Were thy Noſe of ſuch a ſhape,
As Nature could no better make ;
As it is ſo skrewed in,
It claims acquaintance with thy Chin.

6. Were thy Breaſts two riſing Mounts,
Thoſe Ruby Nipples milky Founts,
As theſe two ſo fairly move,
They'd make a Lover freeze for love.

7. Could thy pulſe affection beat,
Thy Palm a balmy moiſture ſweat ;
As their active vigor's gone,
Dry and cold as any ſtone.

8. Were thy arms, legs, feet, and all,
That we with modeſty man call ;
Nay, were they all of ſuch a grace,
As't might be ſtil,d, *Love amorous place.*

9. As all theſe yield ſuch weak delight,
They'd fright a Bridegroom the firſt night :

And hold it a curſe for to be ſped
Of ſuch a fury in his bed.

10. Could thine high improved ſtate,
Vye with the greateſt Potentate :
As in all their ſtore I find
Mole-hills to a noble mind.

11. Wert thou as rich in Beauties form;
As thou art held in Natures ſcorn :
I vow theſe ſhould be none of mine,
Becauſe they are entitled thine.

A Dialogue concerning Hair, between a Man and a Woman.

M.

1. ASk me no more vvhy I do vvear
My Hair ſo far belovv my ear :
For the firſt Man that e're was made
Did never know the Barbers Trade.

W.

2. Ask me no more where all the day
The fooliſh Owl doth make her ſtay :

'Tis in your Locks; for tak't from me,
She thinks your hair an Ivy-tree.

M.

3. Tell me no more that length of hair
Can make the viſage ſeem leſs fair;
For howſoe'r my hair doth ſit,
I'm ſure that yours comes ſhort of it.

W.

4. Tell me no more men were long hair
To chaſe away the colder air;
For by experience we may ſee
Long hair will but a back-friend be.

M.

5. Tell me no more that long hair can
Argue deboiſtneſs in a man;
For 'tis Religious being inclin'd,
To ſave the Temples from the wind.

W.

6. Ask me no more why Roarers wear
Their hair extant below their ear;

For having morgag'd all their Land,
They'd fain oblige the appearing Band.

M.

7. Ask me no more why hair may be
The expreſſion of Gentility:
'Tis that which being largely grown,
Derives its Gentry from the Crown.

W.

8. Ask me no more why graſs being grown,
With greedy Sickle is cut down,
Till ſhort and ſweet: So ends my Song,
Leſt that long hair ſhould grow too long.

A Song.

1. THat Beauty I ador'd before,
   I now as much deſpiſe:
'Tis Money only makes the Whore:
  She that for love with her Crony lies,
Is chaſte: But that's the Whore that kiſſes for prize.

2. Let *Jove* with Gold his *Danae* woo,
It ſhall be no rule for me:
Nay, 't may be I may do ſo too,
When I'me as old as he.
Till then I'le never hire the thing that's free.

3. If Coin muſt your Affection Imp,
Pray get ſome other Friend:
My Pocket ne're ſhall be my Pimp,
I never that intend,
Yet can be noble too, if I ſee they mend.

4. Since Loving was a Liberal Art,
How canſt thou trade for gain?
The pleaſure is on your part,
'Tis we Men take the pain:
And being ſo, muſt Women have the gain?

5. No, no, I'le never farm your Bed,
Nor your Smock-Tenant be:
I hate to rent your white and red,
You ſhall not let your Love to me:
I court a Miſtris, not a Landlady.

6. A Pox take him that firſt ſet up
Th' Exciſe of Fleſh and Skin:

An

And ſince it will no better be,
  Let's both to kiſs begin;
To kiſs freely; if not, you may go ſpin.

The Careleſs Swain.

1. IS ſhe gone? let her go; faith Boys, I care not,
  I'l not ſue after her, I dare not, I dare not.
Though ſhe'as more Land than I by many an Acre,
I have plow'd in her ground, who will may take her.

2. She is a witty one, and ſhe is fair too;
She muſt have all the Land that ſhe is Heir too:
But as for Free Land ſhe has not any,
For hers is *Lammas* ground, common to many.

3. Were it in Several, 'twere a great favour,
It might be an inriching to him that ſhall have her:
But hers is common ground, and without bounding,
You may graze in her ground, and fear no pounding.

A Catch for three Voices.

J*Ack*, *Will* and *Tom* are ye come,
I think there is mirth in your faces:
How glad I'm to ſee ſuch Lads all agree
In tunes and time, and graces.

A Song.

1. C*Hloris*, when I to thee preſent
The cauſe of all my diſcontent;
And ſhew that all the wealth that can
Flow from this little world of man,
Is nought but Conſtancy and Love,
Why will you other objects prove.

2. O do not cozen your deſires
With common or mechanick fires:
That picture which you ſee in gold,
In every Shop is to be ſold,
And Diamonds of richeſt prize
Men only value with their eyes.

3. But look upon my loyal heart,
That knows to value every part:

And loves thy hidden virtue more
Than outward ſhape, which fools adore:
In that you'l all the treaſures find
That can content a noble mind.

The forſaken Maid, A Song.

1. NOr Love, nor Fate dare I accuſe,
For that my Love doth me refuſe;
But O mine own unworthineſs,
That durſt preſume ſo great a bliſs!
Too mickle'twere for me to love
A man ſo like the Gods above,
VVith Angels face, and Saint-like voice,
'Tis too Divine for Humane choice.

2. But had I wiſely given my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part:
As only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace;
As foot, or hand, or lip, or eye:
Then had I liv'd where now I die.
But I preſuming all to chuſe,
Am now condemned all to loſe.

3. You Rural Gods that guard the Swains,
And puniſh all unjuſt diſdains;

O do not cenſure him for this,
It was my error, and not his,
This only boon of you I'le crave,
To fix theſe Lines upon my Grave:
Like Icarus, *I ſoar'd too high,*
For which offence I pine, I die.

On a Preciſe Taylor.

A Taylor, but a man of upright dealing,
True, but for lying; honeſt, but for ſtealing,
Did fall one day extremely ſick by chance,
And on a ſudden fell in a wondrous Trance:
The Fiends of Hell muſt'ring in fearful manner,
Of ſundry colour'd Silks diſplay'd a Banner
VVhich he had ſtoln; and wiſh'd, as they did tell,
That he might one day find it all in Hell.
The man affrighted at this Apparition,
Upon Recovery grew a great Preciſian;
He bought a Bible of the new Tranſlation,
And in his Life he ſhew'd great Reformation:
He walk'd demurely, and he talked meekly,
He heard two Lectures, and two Sermons weekly:
He vow'd to ſhun all Company unruly,
And in his ſpeech he us'd no Oath but Truly:
And zealouſly to help the Sabbaths Reſt,
The Meat for that day on the Eve was dreſt:

And leſt the cuſtom that he had to ſteal,
Might cauſe him ſometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his Journey-man a ſpecial charge,
That if the Stuff allow'd fall out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then ſhould put the Banner in his mind.
This done, I ſcarce can tell the reſt for laughter,
A Captain of a Ship came three days after,
And bought three yards of Velvet & three quarters,
To make his Veſt ſo large to hang below his garters.
He that preciſely knew what was enough,
Soon ſlipt away a quarter of the Stuff:
His man eſpying it, ſaid in deriſion,
Remember, Maſter, how you ſaw the Viſion.
Peace, Fool, quoth he, I did not ſee one rag
Of ſuch like colour'd Stuff within the Bag.

The Scotch Girls Complaint for an Engliſhmans going away, when my Lord Monk *came for* England.

1. ILl tide this cruel Peace that hath gain'd a War on me,
I never fancied Laddy till I ſaw mine Enemy:
O methoughts he was the blitheſt one
That e're I ſet mine eyes upon:

Well might have fool'd a wiſer one,
As he did me :
He look'd ſo pretty, and talk'd ſo witty,
None could deny,
But needs muſt yield the Fort up,
Gude faith, and ſo did I.

2. Tantara went the Trumpets, and ſtrait we were in Arms ;
We dreaded no Invaſions, Embraces were our Charms.
As we cloſe to one another ſit,
Did according to our Mothers wit,
But hardly now can ſmother it,
It will be known,
Alack and welly, ſick back and belly,
Never was Maid,
A Soldier is a coming, though young,
Makes me afraid.

3. To *England* bear this Sonnet, direct it unto none,
But to the brave *Monk*-Heroes, both ſigh and ſinging moan :
Some there are perhaps will take my part,
At his boſom *Cupid* ſhake his dart,
That from me he ne'r may part,
That is mine own :

O

O maiſt thou never wear Bow and Quiver;
Till I may ſee
Once more the happy feature
Of my lov'd Enemy.

On Fairford *curious Church-Windows, which ſcap'd the War and the Puritan.*

TEll me, you Anti-Saints, why Glaſs
To you is longer liv'd than Braſs;
And why the Saints have ſcap'd their falls
Better on Windows than on Walls?
Is it becauſe the Brothers fires
Maintain a Glaſs-houſe at *Blackfriers*?
Next, why the Church ſtands North and South,
And Eaſt and Weſt the Preachers mouth?
Or is't becauſe ſuch painted ware
Reſembles ſomething what you are?
So pied, ſo ſeeming, ſo unſound
In Doctrine and in Manners found,
That out of Emblematick wit
You ſpare your ſelves in ſparing it?
If it be ſo, then *Fairford* boaſt,
Thy Church hath kept what all hath loſt:
It is preſerved from the bane
Of either War or Puritan;

VVhoſe Life is coloured in thy Paint,
The inſide Droſs, but outſide Saint.

The Soldiers praiſe of a Lowſe.

1. WIll you pleaſe to hear a new Ditty,
In praiſe of a ſix-footed Creature:
She lives both in Countrey and City,
She's wondrous loving by nature:

2. She'l proffer her ſervice to any,
She'l ſtick cloſe but ſhe will prevail:
She is entertained by many,
Till death no Maſter ſhe'l fail.

3. Your rich men ſhe cannot endure,
Nor can ſhe your ſhifter abide:
But ſtill ſhe ſticks cloſe to the poor,
Though often they claw her hide.

4. The non-ſuited man ſhe'l woo him,
Or any good fellows that lack:
She will be as nigh a friend to him
As the ſhirt that ſticks to his back.

5. Your neat Laundreſs ſhe perfectly hates,
And thoſe that do ſet her awork:

And ſtill in foul Linen delights,
That ſhe in the ſeams on't may lurk.

6. Corruption ſhe draws like a Horſe-leech,
Being big, ſhe grows a great breeder:
At night ſhe goes home to her Cottage,
And in the day is a devilliſh feeder.

7. To Commanders and Soldiers in purging
I'm ſure her Receipts are good:
For ſhe ſaves them the charge of a Surgeon
In ſucking and letting of blood.

8. She'l venture in a Battel as far
As any Commander that goes:
She'l play *Jack* a both ſides in war,
And cares not a pin for her foes.

9. She's always ſhot-free in fight,
To kill her no ſword will prevail:
And if took Priſoner by flight,
She's cruſh'd to death with a Nail.

10. From her and her breed *Jove* defend us,
For her company we have had ſtore:
Let her go to the Court and the Gentry,
And trouble poor Soldiers no more.

A Song.

1. MEthought the other night
I ſaw a pretty ſight
That mov'd me much:
A fair and comely Maid
Not ſqueamiſh nor afraid
To let me touch.
Our lips moſt ſweetly kiſſing
Each other never miſſing:
Her ſmiling look did ſhew content,
That ſhe did nought but what ſhe meant.

2. And as our lips did move,
The Echo ſtill was Love,
Love, love me ſweet.
Then with a Maiden bluſh,
Inſtead of crying Puſh,
Our lips did meet:
VVith Muſick ſweet by ſounding,
And Pleaſures all abounding,
VVe kept the Burden of the Song,
VVhich was, *That Love ſhould take no wrong.*

A Song.

1: O My deareſt, I ſhall grieve thee
VVhen I ſwear, yet Sweet believe me.
By thine eye, that Cryſtal Book
In which all crabbed old men look,
I ſwear to thee, though none abhor them,
Yet I do not love thee for them.

2. I do not love thee for that fair
Rich Fan of thy moſt curious Hair:
Though the wires thereof are drawn
Finer than the threds of Lawn,
And are ſofter than the ſleeves
VVhich the ſubtil Spinner weaves.

3. I do not love thee for thoſe flowers
Growing on thy Cheeks, Loves Bowers;
Though ſuch cunning them hath ſpread,
None can part their white and red:
Loves golden Arrows there are ſhot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

4. I do not love thee for thoſe ſoft
Red Coral Lips I've kiſt ſo oft,

Nor teeth of Pearl, though double rear'd
To ſpeech, where Muſick ſtill is heard;
Though from thence a kiſs being taken,
Would Tyrants melt, and death awaken.

5. I do not love thee, O my Faireſt,
For that richeſt, for that rareſt
Silver Pillar which ſtands under
Thy lovely Head, that Glaſs of wonder;
Though thy Neck be whiter far
Than Towers of polliſh'd Ivory are.

6. Nor do I love thee for thoſe Mountains
Hid with Snow, whence Nectar Fountains
Sug'red ſweet, and Sirrup berry,
Muſt one day run through Pipes of Cherry:
O how much thoſe Breaſts do move me!
Yet for theſe I do not love thee.

7. I do not love thee for thy Palm,
Though the dew thereof be Balm:
Nor thy curious Leg and Foot,
Although it be a precious Root
VVhereon this ſtately Cedar grows:
Sweet I love thee not for thoſe.

8. Nor for thy wit ſo pure and quick,
Whoſe ſubſtance no Arithmetick
Can number down : Nor for the charms
Thou mak'ſt with thy embracing arms ;
Though in them one night to lie,
Deareſt I would gladly die.

9. I love thee not for eyes nor hair,
Nor lips, nor teeth that are ſo rare ;
Nor for thy neck, nor for thy breaſts,
Nor for thy belly, nor the reſt :
Nor for thy hand, nor foot, nor ſmall,
But would'ſt thou know, dear ſweet, for all.

An old Song on the Spaniſh Armado.

1. SOme years of late in eighty eight,
As I do well remember,
It was ſome ſay, nineteenth of *May*,
And ſome ſay in *September*,
And ſome ſay in September.

The Spaniſh train, lanch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado
Their (as they thought) but it prov'd not,
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

3. There was a little man that dwelt in *Spain*,
VVho ſhot well in a Gun a,
Don Pedro hight, as black a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

4. King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bid him not to ſtay a,
But to deſtroy, both man and boy,
And ſo to come away a.
And ſo to come away a.

5. Their Navy was well victualled
VVith Bisket, Peaſe, and Bacon,
They brought two Ships, well fraught with VVhips,
But I think they were miſtaken.
But I think they were miſtaken.

6. Their men were young, Munition ſtrong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to joyn their Fleet,
All with the Prince of *Parma*,
All with the Prince of Parma.

7. They coaſted round about our Land,
And ſo came in by *Dover* :
But we had men ſet on 'um then,
And threw the Raſcals over,
And threw the Raſcals over.

8. The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
VVhat could we more deſire a,
And Sir *Francis Drake* for her ſweet ſake,
Did ſet them all on fire a,
Did ſet them all on fire a.

9. Then ſtrait they fled by Sea and Land,
That one man kill'd threeſcore a;
And had not they all ran away,
In truth he had kill'd more a.
In truth he had kill'd more a.

10. Then let them neither brag nor boaſt,
But if they come agen a,
Let them take heed, they do not ſpeed,
As they did you know when a.
As they did you know when a.

The Loyal Priſoner.

1. BEat on proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
Svvell curled waves high as *Joves* roof:
Your incivility ſhall ſhow,
That innocence is Tempeſt proof:
Though furious Nero's *frown, my thoughts are calm,*
Then ſtrike affliction, for your wounds are balm.

2, That which the world miſcalls a Jail,
A private Cloſet is to me,
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, Bars, and Solitude together met,
Makes me no Pris'ner, but an Anchoret.

3. And whilſt I wiſh to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wiſdoms had conſpir'd
The Sallamander ſhould be burn'd:
Or like thoſe Sophies which would drown a fiſh,
I am condemn'd to ſuffer what I wiſh.

4. Th

4. The Cynick hugs his poverty,
   The Pellican her Wilderneſs :
And 'tis the Indians pride to be
   Naked on frozen *Caucaſus.*
Contentment cannot ſmart, Stoicks we ſee,
Make torments eaſie to their Apathie.

5. I am in this Cabinet lock'd up,
   Like ſome high prized *Margerite :*
Or like ſome great Mogul or Pope,
   Am cloiſter'd up from publick ſight :
Retiredneſs is a piece of Majeſty,
And thus proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

6. Theſe Manicles about my arms,
   I as my Miſtris Favours wear :
And for to keep my ankles warm,
   I have ſome iron Shackles there:
Theſe walls are but my Garriſon, my Cell,
What men call Jail, doth prove my Cittadel.

7. So he that ſtroke at *Jaſons* life,
   Thinking to have made his purpoſe ſure,
With a malicious friendly knife,
   Was only wounded to a cure.
Malice, I ſee, wants wit; for what is meant
Miſchief, oft-times proves favours by th' event.

8. VVhat though I cannot ſee my King,
Neither in's Perſon, nor his Coin:
Yet Contemplation is a thing
VVhich renders what I have not mine:
My King from me what Adamants can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

9. Have you not ſeen the Nightingale
A pris'ner like, coop'd in a Cage?
How ſhe doth chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her Melody doth plainly prove,
That her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

10. I am that Bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty:
Although they ſee my Corps confin'd,
Yet maugre hate, my ſoul is free.
Although I'm mew'd, yet I can chirp and ſing,
Diſgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

On his firſt Love.

MY firſt Love whom all beauty did adorn,
Firing my heart, ſuppreſt it with her ſcorn,
And ſince like Tinder in my breaſt it lies,
By every ſparkle made a Sacrifice:
Each wanton eye, now kindles my deſire,
And that is now to all, which was intire:
For now my wanton thoughts are not confin'd
Unto a woman, but to woman kind:
This for her ſhape I love, that for her face,
This for her geſture, or ſome other grace:
And ſometimes when I none of theſe can find,
I chuſe them by the kernel, not the rind;
And ſo do hope, though my chief hope be gone,
To find in many what I loſt in one.
She is in fault which caus'd me firſt to ſtray,
Needs muſt he wander which hath loſt his way:
Guiltleſs I am, ſhe did this change provoke,
And made that Charcoal, which at firſt was Oak:
For as a Looking-glaſs to the Aſpect,
Whilſt it is whole, doth but one face reflect;
But crack'd and broken in pieces, there are ſhown
Many falſe faces, where firſt was but one:
So love into my heart did firſt prefer
Her Image, and there planted none but her:

But when 'twas crack'd and Martyr'd by her ſcorn,
Many leſs faces in her ſeat were born :
Thus like to Tinder, I am prone to catch
Each falling ſparkle fit for any match.

On his Miſtriſs going to Sea.

FArevvel, fair Saint, may not the ſeas and wind
Svvell like the heart and eyes you left behind:
But calm and gentle, like the looks they bear,
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ear :
Let no fowl billow offer to ariſe,
That it might nearer look upon your eyes ;
Leſt Wind and Waves enamour'd with ſuch form,
Should throng and crowd themſelves into a ſtorm.
But if it be your fate, vaſt Seas, to love,
Of my becalmed heart learn how to move :
Move then but in a gentle Lovers pace,
No wrinckles, nor no furrows in your face ;
And you fierce winds, ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her ſail :
So while you court her each a ſeveral way,
You will her ſafely to her Port convey,
And loſe her in a noble way of wooing,
Whilſt both contribute to her own undoing.

On a Bluſh.

STay luſty blood, where wilt thou ſeek
So bleſt a place as in her cheek?
How canſt thou from that cheek retire,
Where vertue doth command deſire?
But if thou canſt not ſtay, then flow
Down to her panting paps below;
Flow like a Deluge from her breaſts,
Where *Venus* Swans have built their Neſts;
And ſo take glory to beſtain
With Azure blew each ſwelling Vein:
Then boyling, run through every part,
Till thou haſt warm'd her frozen heart:
And if from love it would retire,
Then Martyr it with gentle fire:
And having ſearch'd each ſecret place,
Fly thou back into her face:
Where live thou bleſt in changing thoſe
White Lilies to a ruddy Roſe.

In praiſe of a Mask:

THere is not half ſo vvarm a fire
In fruition as deſire:
When we have got the fruit of pain,
Poſſeſſion makes us poor again.
Expected form and ſhape unknown,
Whets and makes ſharp temptation:
Senſe is too niggardly for bliſs,
And daily pays us with what is.
But ignorance doth give us all
That can within her brightneſs fall.
Veil therefore ſtill, whilſt I divine
The riches of that hidden Mine;
And make imagination tell
All wealth that can in beauty dwell.
Thus the highly valu'd Oar,
Earths dark Exchequer keeps in ſtore:
And ſearch'd in ſecret, only quits
The travel of the hands and wits;
Who dares to ranſack all the hoards,
That Natures privy Purſe affords.
Our eye the apprehenſions Thief,
Blinds our unlimited belief.
When we ſee all, we nothing ſee,
Diſcloſure may prove Robbery.

For if you ſhine not, faireſt, being ſhown,
I pick a Cabinet for a *Briſtol* Stone.

Excuſe for Abſence.

YOu'l ask, perhaps, vvherefore I ſtay,
Loving ſo much, ſo long away?
Do not think 'twas I did part;
It was my body, not my heart:
For, like a Compaſs, in your love
One Foot is fix'd that cannot move:
Th' other may follow the blinde guide
Of giddy Fortune, but not ſlide
Beyond your Service; nor dares venture
To wander far from you the Center.

To his Miſtris:

KEep on your Mask, and hide your eye,
For with beholding it I die.
Your fatal Beauty, *Gorgon*-like,
Dead with aſtoniſhment doth ſtrike:
Your piercing eyes, if them I ſee,
Are worſe than Baſilisks to me.
Shut from mine eyes thoſe hills of Snow,
Their melting Valley do not ſhow;
Thoſe Azure Paths lead to deſpair.
O vex me not, forbear, forbear:
For whilſt I thus in torment dwell,
The ſight of Heaven is worſe than Hell.
Your dainty voice, and warbling breath,
Sound like a Sentence paſt for death:
Your dangling Treſſes are become
The inſtruments of final doom:
O if an Angel torture ſo,
When life is done, what ſhall I do?

To his Miſtris.

I'Ll tell you hovv the Roſe did firſt grovv red,
And vvhence the Lily vvhiteneſs borrovved:
You bluſh'd, and then the Roſe with red was dight:
The Lily kiſt your hand, and ſo came white.
Before that time each Roſe had but a ſtain,
The Lily nought but paleneſs did contain:
You have the native colour, thoſe the dye,
They flouriſh onely in your eye.

H*Ic jacet* John Shorrthoſe
Sine hoſe, *ſine* ſhoes, *ſine* breeches,
Qui fuit dum vixit, ſine goods,
Sine lands, *ſine* riches.

On his Miſtris.

IS ſhe not vvondrous fair? O but I ſee
She is ſo much too ſweet, too fair for me,
That I forget my flames, and every fire
Hath taught me not to love, but to admire:
Juſt like the Sun, methinks I ſee her face,
Which I ſhould gaze on ſtill, but not embrace;
For 'tis Heavens pleaſure that ſhe ſhould be ſent
As pure to Heaven again,as ſhe was lent
To us: And bid us, as we hope for bliſs,
Not to profane her with a mortal kiſs.
Then how cold grows my love, and I how hot?
O how I love her, how I love her not!
So doth my Aguelove torment by turns,
And now it freezeth, now again it burns.

A Sigh.

GO thou gentle whiſp'ring Wind,
Bear this Sigh, and if you find
Where my cruel Fair doth reſt,
Caſt it in her ſnowy Breaſt:

The ſweet Kiſſes thou ſhalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Taſte her lips, and then confeſs,
If *Arabia* doth poſſeſs
Or the *Hybla* honour'd hill,
Sweets like thoſe that there diſtil.
Having got ſo, with a fee
Do another boon for me:
Thou canſt with thy powerful blaſt
Heat apace, and cool as faſt:
Then for pity either ſtir
Up the fire of Love in her,
That alike both flames may ſhine,
Or elſe quite extinguiſh mine.

To a ſpruce and very finely deck'd Lady.

1. STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
As if you vvere going to a feaſt:
Still to be powder'd, ſtill perfum'd,
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

2. Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace;
Robes largely flowing, hairs as free;
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' Adulteries of Art:
They pleaſe my eye, but not my heart.

The Good Fellows Song.

1. AS vve vvent vvandring all the night,
The Brevvers Dog our brains did bite,
Our Heads grew heavy, and our Heels grew light,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

2. Our Hoſteſs then bid us pay her Score,
We call'd her Whore, and we paid her no more,
And we kick'd our Hoſteſs out of the door,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

3. And as we went wandring in the Street,
We trod the Kennels under our feet,
And fought with every Poſt we did meet,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

4. The Conſtable then with his ſtaff and band,
He bid, as if we were men to ſtand,
We told him he bid us do more than we can,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

5. Our Hoſteſſes Cellar it is our bed,
Upon the Barrels we lay our head,
The night is our own, for the Devil is dead,
And we like our humour well boys,
And we like our humour well.

Upon Faſting.

THe poor man faſts, becauſe he has no meat ;
The ſick man faſts, becauſe he cannot eat :
The Uſerer faſts, to encreaſe his ſtore :
The Glutton faſts, 'cauſe he can eat no more ;
The Hypocrite, becauſe he'd be commended :
The Saints do faſt, becauſe they have offended.

One wiſh'd me to a VVife that's fair and young,
That hath *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Italian* tongue:
I thank'd him, but I'l none of ſuch,
For I think one tongue for a Maid's too much.
VVhat, love you not the Learned? yes as my life,
The learned Scholar, but not the learned VVife.

On a Lover that would not be beloved again.

Diſdain me ſtill, that I may ever love,
For who his love enjoys, can love no more:
The War once paſt, with peace men cowards prove,
The ſhips return'd do rot upon the ſhore,
Then though thou frown, I'l ſay thou art moſt fair,
And ſtill I'l love, though ſtill I muſt deſpair.
As heat's to life, ſo is deſire to love,
For theſe once quench'd, both life and love are done;
Let not my ſighs and tears thy vertues move,
Like baſeſt Metal do not melt ſo ſoon,
Laugh at my woes, although I ever mourn,
Love ſurfeits with rewards, his Nurſe is ſcorn.

A Rural Song.

1. COme Lads and Laſſes, each one that paſſes,
Dance a round on the ground
Whilſt green the graſs is.
For if you'l ever, with mirth endeavour
With heart and voice, rejoyce,
Come now or never:
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

2. Now here, now yonder, with Gooſe and Gander,
With your Ducks, Hens, and Cocks,
Safe may you wander,
Securely may you go, to the Market to and fro,
John and *Jone* all arow,
And never fear the foe,
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid
For the poor ſilly Maid.

3. Sweeteſt come hither, let us thither,
Where we'l court, and there ſport
Freely together.

We'l enjoy kiſſes, with other bliſſes,
So come home, when we have done.
And none ſhall miſs us.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor ſilly Maid.

4. Over yon Bower, *Jove* ſeems to lowre,
As he meant to prevent
Our happieſt hour ;
But the times treaſure, giving us leaſure
In ſpight of *Jove*, for to prove
Our chiefeſt pleaſure.
For the blind Boy Love was caught and betray'd
In the Trap that was laid,
For the poor ſilly Maid.

A Scotch Song, called Gilderoy.

1. WAS ever grief ſo great as mine,
Then ſpeak dear Bearn, I prethee,
That thus muſt leeſe my *Gilderoy*,
O my Beniſon gang with thee.

Good ſpeed be with you then Sir, ſhe ſaid,
For gone is all my joy :
And gone is he whom I love beſt,
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

2. In muckle joy we ſpent our time
Till we were both fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongſt the Brakes ſo green.
VVhen he had done what man could do,
He roſe up and gang'd his way :
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

3. Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
VVould needs to th' King be gone,
VVith his ſilken Garters on his legs,
And the Roſes on his ſhoone :
But better he had ſtaid at home
VVith me his only joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handſom *Gilderoy*.

4. VVhen they had ta'ne this lad ſo ſtrong,
Gude Lord how ſore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenb'rough* Town,
And there God wot they hung him :

They knit him faſt above the reſt,
And I loſt my only joy,
For evermere my Beniſon
Gang with my *Gilderoy.*

5. Wo worth that man that made thoſe Laws,
To hang a man for geere,
For neither ſtealing Ox nor Aſs,
Or bony Horſe or Meere;
Had not their Laws a bin ſo ſtrict,
I might have got my joy,
And ne'r had need tull a wat my cheek
For my dear *Gilderoy.*

A Song to his Miſtris.

1. I Will not do a Sacrifice
To thy face or to thy eyes:
Nor unto thy Lily palm,
Nor thy breath that wounding balm:
But the part to which my heart
In vows is ſeal'd,
Is that Mine of Bliſs Divine
Which is conceal'd.

2. What's the Golden fruit to me,
If I may not pluck the Tree?
Bare enjoying all the reſt,
Is but like a golden Feaſt,
Which at need can never feed
Our love-ſick wiſhes:
Let me eat ſubſtantial meat,
Not view the diſhes.

The Advice.

PHyllis for ſhame, let us improve
A thouſand ſeveral ways,
Theſe few ſhort minutes ſtoln by love
From many tedious days.

Whilſt you want courage to deſpiſe
The cenſure of the Grave:
For all the Tyrants in your eyes,
Your heart is but a ſlave.

My love is full of noble pride,
And never will ſubmit
To let that Fop Diſcretion ride
In triumph over VVit.

False Friends I have as well as you,
That daily counſel me
Vain friv'lous trifles to purſue,
And leave off loving thee.

VVhen I the leaſt belief beſtow
On what ſuch fools adviſe,
May I be dull enough to grow
Moſt miſerably wiſe.

A Viſion.

BEneath a Myrtle ſhade
VVhich *Jove* for none but happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtreight my Love before me brought,
Phillis the object of my waking thought,
Undreſt ſhe came, my flames to meet,
VVhilſt Love ſtrew'd flowers beneath her feet:
Flowers that ſo preſt by her became more ſweet,

From the bright Viſions head,
A careleſs vail of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white ſhoulders fell her ſhaded hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, nor too brown nor fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inſpire,
Her ev'ry part my heart did fire:
But moſt her eyes, that languiſh'd with deſire!

Ah charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long will you my bliſs and yours deny ?
By Nature and by *Jove* this loneſom Shade
Was for revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made :
Silence and Shades with Love agree,
Both ſhelter you, and favour me ;
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid :
Faintly ſhe ſpoke methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her with a ſmile.
Then die, ſaid I : She ſtill deny'd :
And is it thus, thus, thus, ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid ? And ſo ſhe dy'd.

I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true.
Fancy the kinder Miſtris of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah cruel Nymph, ceaſe your diſdain,
While I can dream you ſcorn in vain :
Aſleep or waking you muſt eaſe my pain.

The Batchelors Song.

Like a Dog with a Bottle faſt ty'd to his Tail,
Like a Vermin in a Trap, or a Thief in a Jail,
Like a Tory in a Bog,
Or an Ape with a Clog,
Even ſuch is the man, who when he may go free,
Does his Liberty loſe
In a Matrimony Nooze,
And ſells himſelf into Captivity.

The Dog he doth howl when the Bottle doth jog,
The Vermin, the Thief, and the Tory in vain
Of the Trap, of the Jail, of the Quagmire complain;
But well fare poor Pug,
For he plays with his Clog,
And though he would be rid on't rather than his life,
Yet he hugs it and tugs it as a Man does his Wife.

The Batchelors Satyr retorted.

1. Like a Dog that runs madding at Sheep or at Cows,
Like a Boar that runs brumling after the Sows,
Like a Jade full of Rancor,
Or a Ship without Anchor,

Such is the Libertine whom ſenſe invites
   To ſpend his leiſures
   In recoyling pleaſures,
And prefers Looſneſs unto *Hymen*'s Rites,
VVhereas that honeſt Tedder holds
The Dog from ranging to the Folds
And the ſoft tie of fixt deſire,
Keeps men from that Brutiſh mire;
      The Bit and Reins
      The Horſe reſtrains,
      And th' Anchor ſaves
      The Ship from Waves;
Vermin indeed are oft deſerv'dly caught
      In their own Traps,
      Venereous Claps
Which Health and Wealth and Conſcience dearly
         bought.

2. Thoſe Felons of themſelves are their own Jails,
And by ſtoln Pleaſure do their ſin intail;
Such wandring Tories ſink in unknown Bogs,
And buſie Urchins are enſaf'd by Clogs;
   But well fare that Bird,
   That ſweetly is heard
   To ſing in the contented Cage,
      Secure from fears,
      And all the ſnares
Of a Licentious and Trepanning Age,

Paſſing a calm harmonious Life,
Juſt like an honeſt Man and Wife.

A Reply to the Batchelors Satyr retorted.

LIke a Cat with her Tail faſt hol'd by a Peg,
Like a Hog that gruntles when he's ty'd by the (leg,
Like a gall'd Horſe in a Pownd,
Or a Ship run aground :
Such is the Man, who ty'd in Nuptial Nooze;
With the proud Stoick, brags
Of his Patches, and his Rags,
And rails at looſneſs, yet would fain get looſe.

Whereas the Cat, not knowing who vext her,
Tooth and nail aſſaults the thing that is next her ;
And the ſoft tye of fixt deſire
Binds the Hog to the Paradiſe of his dear Mire :
The Horſe friskt about,
But cannot get out ;
And the Anchor gives way
To the boyſterous Sea.
Husbands indeed are oft deſerv'dly caught
In their own Traps,
By others Claps,
Or Midwives, Nurſes, Cradles dearly bought.

Theſe Felons to themſelves are their own Jayl:
Some on the Pariſh do their Brats entail,
Like Tories from their Wives and Children run,
Deſigning but to Do, and be Undone:
Or elſe like Hedghogs under Crabtrees roll,
  To bring home to their Drabs
    A burthen of Crabs,
And then retire to their Hole.

  But well fare the Owl,
  Of all feather'd Fowl,
That in the contented Ivy-buſh ſings;
    She dodders all day,
  VVhile the little Birds play,
And at midnight ſhe flutters her wings,
Hooting out her mopiſh diſcontented Life,
  Juſt like an honeſt Man and VVife.

On a Wedding.

HOw pleaſant a thing is a VVedding,
          And a Bedding?
f a Man could purchaſe a VVife
          For a twelvemonth and a day,
But to live with her all a mans life,
          For ever and ay,

Till ſhe grows as grey as a Cat:
Good faith, Mr. Parſon, excuſe me for that.

The Anſwer.

HOw honeſt a thing is a Wedding,
And a Bedding?
If a man but make choice of a virtuous Wife,
To live with for aye,
Not a month and a day,
But to love and to cheriſh all days of his life,
Till both are grown grave, rich, fruitful, and fat:
Good ſooth (Sir) there needs no excuſes for that.

And thus againſt all Syrens ſafely ſtands
The wiſe Ulyſſes ty'd with Nuptial Bands.

Upon His Majeſties Picture drawn by a Fair Lady.

YOur hand with Nature at a noble ſtrife,
Hath paid our Sovereign a great ſhare of Life;
Strange fate! that *Charles* did ne'r more firmly ſtand,
Than when twice reſcu'd by a female hand,
Fair Voucher of the Royal Head, which we owe
Though firſt to Madam *Lane*, yet next to you.

But here your glory much doth hers out-vie,
She us'd diſguiſe, you uſe diſcovery;
And ſure there's not ſo much of Honour ſhown
To ſave by hiding, as by making known:
Yet hence for you the odds do higher lie;
She ſav'd from Death, you from Mortality;
Who in deſpite of fate can give reprieve,
And in this deathleſs Image make him live.
Warwick's great worth muſt quit the leaves of fame,
There never was a make-King till you came.
Had *Sheba*'s Queen known thus, ſhe need not roam,
Sh' had ſeen the Learned Monarch nearer home.
O how *Vandike* would fret himſelf, by you
Baffled at once in th' Art and Object too.
Nature her ſelf amaz'd, doth ſcarce yet know
For certain, whether ſhe drew both, or you:
And we, ſeeing ſo much life in th' Image ſhown,
Fear leſt it ſpeak, and lay a Claim to th' Crown.
And the vulgar apt to a more groſs miſtake,
Should *Charles* but for his Pictures Picture take.
Who knows what harm might from your pencil come
f Painting had not been an Art that's dumb.
Worc'ſters ſtrict ſearch had ceas'd, did *Cromwel* know
How much of *Charles* your hand could to him ſhow;
And the great Rebel would contented be
To have him murther'd in this Effigie;
Wherein he doth ſo much himſelf appear,
am i' th' Preſence whilſt I ſpy him here.

His Crown he may from others hands receive,
But onely you *Charles* to himſelf could give.
To be thus lively drawn, is th' only thing
Could almoſt make me wiſh my ſelf a King.

Go on, Fair Hand, and by a nobler Art
Make *Charles* a Prince compleat in every part:
And to the World this rare Example ſhow,
You can make Kings, and get them Subjects too.

FINIS.